# The Commonweal

*January 11, 1952*


## DANGER SIGNS IN JAPAN

*Hugh H. Smythe*

## The Story of Steve Hergenhan

*Dorothy Day*


*Volume LV* **15c** *Number 14*



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## • THIS WEEK •

Week by Week 339

Danger Signs in Japan
*by Hugh H. Smythe* 343

What Is Wrong With Europe?
*by Gunnar D. Kumlien* 345

Murder on Christmas
*by Francis Downing* 347

The Stage
*by Walter Kerr* 349

The Screen
*by Philip T. Hartung* 350

Communications 351

The Story of Steve Hergenhan
*by Dorothy Day* 352

Of Note 355

Books 356

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The Commonweal

## WEEK BY WEEK

### *Resolution and Restraint*

IN an end-of-the-year speech before the Jewish War Veterans, Dean Acheson said that the two qualities "most needed for the long pull ahead" are resolution and restraint. These might be called marks of maturity, for a person or a nation, and as this country grows in responsibility they will be ever more necessary. Even if the officials of Government were paragons, it would still be imperative for the general population of the United States to cultivate the virtues of maturity.

During the past year the nation suffered at least two outbursts of emotionalism that came and went like sudden storms: one when Chinese intervention changed the picture in Korea, the other when General MacArthur returned to the United States after his dismissal. Such tempests are certainly stimulating, but they may turn out to be quite costly.

Perhaps in times past it was deemed wise to encourage popular feeling to run wild. During the first World War, when "hate the Hun" campaigns rode roughshod over good sense and intellectual discipline, emotionalism was accepted as a powerful weapon. Encouraged, it operated toward a vigorous war effort, enthusiastic enlistment and fighting morale. The same sources of feeling—this time a revulsion against war—drove the nation, in the years between wars, into an isolationism that almost turned out to be suicidal. Later the emotional impact of Pearl Harbor served more than any other single cause to unite a divided US, overnight.

But with worldwide responsibilities, the present ultra-delicate international situation and need for united action on the part of the free world, our old-fashioned outbursts seem a luxury we can no longer afford. One false move, one overly hasty move, one foolish move, may be enough to set off the fuse of the final conflagration. In cooler moments, we all realize this.

The responsibility for keeping the tone of political discussion and disagreement at an intelligent, and intelligible, level falls on the individual citizen. But the moulders of public opinion carry a special burden. It is a responsibility some of them ignore. Most "spontaneous" popular outbursts are not quite that. They are seeds carefully nurtured by the penny-hungry press and overly partisan-minded writers and politicos until they burst into full flower. After some explosive situation occurs, the ballyhoo apparatus usually used to glorify crooners and glamor girls is swung into action. The result is that popular feeling is heightened while the possibilities for reason are dimmed. An encouraging note in this regard is that the Hearst chain, long among the worst offenders, is supposedly turning over a new leaf. Under the new Hearst management, the word has gone out that there is to be less sensationalism, more attempts to give the objective picture.

We in the United States have passed through our national childhood, as it were, and are now faced with the trials and tribulations of adult life—no longer free to think only in terms of ourselves. Now we must consider al those nations whose fate, no less than our own, depends on our levelheaded decision. The Secretary's formula—resolution and restraint—is a good one, offering the right balance between the dangers of either indecision or head-strongness.

### *Gauntlet Flung in Florida*

THE killing of Harry T. Moore in Mims, Florida, Christmas night, constitutes a challenge. This man, who was murdered by a bomb in his own home, was a symbol of what America should be working for. He was a prominent Negro educator. He was Florida coordinator for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.



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The victim of this outrage had dedicated his life and his talents to his fellow Negroes. It was he who led the campaign to prosecute the white sheriff who two months ago shot two handcuffed Negro suspects in the Groveland rape case; for one of the two, who were simply being transported to a new hearing, the sheriff's shots were fatal. Mr. Moore's family had urged him to resign from the NAACP, but he is reported to have said to his mother, "Every advancement comes by way of sacrifice and if I sacrifice my life or health I still think it is my duty for my race."

When a man like this is brutally cut down and his activities ended, our society is challenged head on. Can it be that in the United States today there are places it is not safe for a zealous person to work for the civil rights and human liberties befitting men and women? Can there be any true civilization or order, let alone democracy, here when a man's life is forfeit for having labored to advance the cause of an unjustly treated minority?

Only one real answer is possible to such a challenge to our fundamental political tenets: punishment that is swift and sure. If the local and state authorities fail to take adequate action the way they have done in related cases in the past, then federal authorities must take over. The killing of Harry T. Moore is no local or regional matter; it has national significance. And if this outrage goes unprosecuted and unpunished, it can but encourage further violence and further disregard for inviolable human rights in Florida and other states.

Several FBI men are reported to be working on the case, while the State of Florida has offered a reward for the killer's apprehension. At Mr. Moore's funeral an assistant state attorney declared that the crime was deplored by every citizen.

It is reprehensible enough when violence and intimidation seek to enforce such a thing as residential segregation—as was done within the year at Cicero, Ill. But the murder of Harry T. Moore is a direct attack on the work itself of seeking for a major group of Americans their just due.

## • NEXT WEEK •

ALEX COMFORT writes of "Social Responsibility in Science and Art."

"The need to translate an amorphous sense of social obligation into practical action is being felt more and more. The profound shock caused by the atomic bomb certainly posed the question of personal responsibility for the projects in which one engages in a very sharp and inescapable form, but the issue has been growing to a head in other fields —the psychiatrists, for example, who were forced to choose between the creation of good soldiers full of hatred for the enemy, and the restoration of balanced personalities, or, more recently, the prospect of the military uses of bacteriology."

## *New Chemical*

THE answers to the lugubrious fears expressed from Malthus' day down to our own about the ability of this earth to feed its increasing population have always seemed in a vague sort of way to lie with agricultural scientists. We heard of the vast untapped potentialities in the tropics and of such unexploited nutritive values as exist in certain minute forms of marine life.

That such scientists can come up with workable solutions was amply indicated at the current sessions of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, where the production of a new poly-electrolyte called Krilium was announced. This new boon to farmers has been undergoing a three-year test at the Dayton laboratories of the Monsanto Chemical Company and by nearly eighty soil scientists in various parts of this country.

Krilium comes in powder form. Its function is to rebuild the physical structure of the soil so that it gets the optimum results from the available oxygen, water and mineral nutrients. It is a substitute for manure, peat moss and compost, which are not plentiful and require frequent application. Krilium has been found to possess one hundred to a thousand times the soil-conditioning power of various manures and, with crop rotation, seems to have almost permanent effect. At the present moment it is estimated that this new product will cost the farmer less than two dollars per pound—more expensive only in terms of initial cost than the "natural" soil conditioners it would replace.

This new discovery can in a matter of hours bring back a porous soil structure to hard-packed, sun-baked, exhausted soils already in the process of erosion. (It does not, however, supply phosphates and nitrates, too.) In addition to reclaiming barren land, Krilium has been able to increase the production of arable soils by 15 to 45 percent.



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All this is not a dream. It has months of solid experimentation behind it. The Monsanto Company plans to have Krilium in full production by 1953 and is already constructing in Texas one of the necessary plants. More experimenting is currently in process and more remains to be done, but the new product is far enough along to demonstrate that there are already practicable means of materially expanding the sustaining powers of the earth.

## *Mission to Moscow*

IN a way there is nothing at all strange about the fact that the Administration in Washington has chosen a career diplomat, Mr. George Kennan, to fill the post of American Ambassador to Russia. But in another way it is a rather strange and paradoxical thing that whereas Mr. Kennan's two immediate predecessors, General Bedell Smith and Admiral Alan Kirk, were military men occupying the post at a time when the United States was a weak and demobilized military power in relation to Russia, Mr. Kennan, a civilian, will be occupying the post at a time when the United States will be at or near the peak of its newly-mobilized postwar power and in the position of being the foremost military force on earth.

It is reported that there was some doubt in Washington, prior to Russia's acceptance of the Kennan appointment, as to whether or not Moscow would agree to receive Mr. Kennan, who is the man principally responsible for drawing up our present foreign policy of containing Russian Communism. There was also some comment in this country to the effect that the State Department may have made a mistake in sending Kennan to Moscow, where his special knowledge of Russian affairs will be far removed from our own policy-making councils and where he will be so closely watched that in the last analysis his talents as an authority on Russia may largely be wasted.

It is most likely, however, that the State Department had both our rising military might and Mr. Kennan's singular diplomatic abilities well in mind when it made the appointment. The intention of the Department may very possibly have been to make it unmistakably clear to the Russians that the purpose of our military build-up is to negotiate peace and not to make war. We have been saying all along that what we have been trying to do is to create "situations of strength" in order "to bargain from strength" with the Soviet Union, since that is the only language the Soviet Union understands. Our aim, we have said, is to negotiate an agreement to live and let live, a stand-off, and now, as our strength grows with every day that passes, we are sending a diplomat to Moscow to prove that we mean what we have been saying.

A diplomatic settlement of some kind continues to be the underlying aim of the containment policy. Mr. Kennan helped to design that policy and it is not his business to plot the strategy of war. Moscow knows all this very well and, although no one can say for sure, Moscow's acceptance of Mr. Kennan may possibly be an indication that the Russians are having second thoughts about the risks of a world war.

The risks are such that neither side can really be eager to take them and in such a situation the rules of old-fashioned power politics would seem to call for a peaceful accomodation of some sort between the two great powers. Mr. Churchill is a man with considerable knowledge of these rules of international behavior and it may be that it was such a line of reasoning that persuaded him, in the recent election campaign in England, to suggest that the time might be at hand when it would be wise to think about negotiating with Stalin. Mr. Kennan, too, as he revealed in his book, *American Diplomacy,* 1900-1950, is a believer in the practices of balance-of-power politics; but he specifically says that it would be unwise for us to think of trying to settle our problems by signing some sweeping document of good faith with our adversaries at any time. All we should try for, and all we should expect to get, he believes, is a painstaking, gradual, bit-by-bit negotiation of differences.

Most of us would like to have a greater faith in the possibility of carrying out even such a long-term negotiation with Russia. Most of us would surely be willing to settle for a gradual and honorable negotiation of differences in preference to the madness of preventive war or the folly of empty, sweeping charters of good will.

Mr. Kennan's mission to Moscow, then, is not a mysterious one; it will undoubtedly mark a turning point, for good or for bad, in our relations with Russia, because he will be going there to test out a policy he announced a few years ago, a policy that we have depended on to prevent a world war. We cannot expect miracles of him. But we can feel fortunate in having a man of his calibre to take with him so many of our highest hopes for the future.



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# A Disturbing Emissary

MY COMPANION leaned back against the unyielding fabrikoid car seat and opened his *Tribune*. He pointed to a headline: 6 Powers Agree on European Army Details. "That's reassuring. I was beginning to think it was all a mirage."

The train was already slowing down for the next station. "It's taken plenty long all right," I agreed, "and they've been talking about it for months."

"Oh, it isn't that so much. The thing is that I am still reeling from what a German big-shot told me last night—met him for the first time at a friend of my wife's."

"What did the man say? That the Germans were the only soldiers who could defend Western Europe?"

"Not exactly that," my fellow-commuter replied. "It was more about getting Europeans to act together generally. He said an international army and an international government in Europe would be a farce. Didn't think the Schuman Plan would go through. In fact, he would admit only one possible bond of union."

"Self-defense against the Soviet Union," I suppose.

"Well he admitted that might bring people together for a time, but he was thinking on another level. His idea was to make the United States full boss over each of the Western European nations separately. Each capital would have its orders from Washington, where each nation would be told what to do with its troops. He saw no hope whatever of the European peoples' acting democratically in concert. Europe is finished and what they all need is somebody to tell them exactly what to do."

"The Germans never were strong for democracy, and if he was a big-shot. . . ."

"His phrase was: 'democracy means mediocrity,' and he spoke of a continually declining quality of government under democratic auspices."

"Where did the bird come from, anyway?"

"That's the fascinating part of it. He was making the latest weapons and parts for Hitler's war machine all during the war. His town suffered over five hundred Allied bombing attacks. A blockbuster made a direct hit on his plant. For months on end his family spent the night in their bomb shelter. There were several small children and they bedded them in double-decker bunks. Didn't seem to bother him."

"What did he have to say about the effectiveness of our Superforts, by the way?

"He sounded as if he were still fighting the war, laughed off the Allied bombing, which in five years had not succeeded in putting his works out of commission but once—and then only for a few weeks. He boasted that he had several hundred workmen hard at repairing the damage the very next morning. He had to leave thirty men in the plant proper even during air raids, but claimed that not a single one lost his life there during the whole war. When I asked about the atom bomb, he admitted that a direct hit would have put him really out of commission but believed that even then human survival would have been possible."

"And what did he have to say, if anything, about the Fuehrer?"

"Very little, directly, and in the hospitality of a friend's home you can't be downright unpleasant. But he did blame everything on the infamous Treaty of Versailles. As he saw it, the French launched the first World War (which the Kaiser tried to stop) to obtain revenge for the war of 1870—which they likewise had started. Versailles, then, was responsible for everything. Except that the British, by turning to Russia and France in the 1890's started a whole new evil train. He admitted that he had it in for the English."

"I myself have wondered whether Anglo-German commercial rivalry has not had more to do with bad feeling than Germany's traditional hostility toward France, particularly in recent years. Our papers are beginning to talk about unmistakable German economic revival and the need for a strong Britain as a counterweight in Europe. Otherwise a new fear of Germany will in fact jeopardize the chances of European union. That will be one of Churchill's big bargaining points when he gets here."

"My German friend talked about that. He claimed that Western Germany and the British Isles are now highly comparable in size, population and resources. Germany, in fact, is handicapped by the greater devastation she has suffered. If Germany prospers today and Britain languishes, it is because there is something wrong in Britain; the men all want to retire, to divide up what little there is. The Germans work hard and the British don't."

"But how did the fellow get over here in the first place?"

"When Germany surrendered, this industrialist and armaments maker was released by the British on the basis of signing an agreement that he would live either in Britain or the United States. He stayed in England for a while, which he now regrets. Then he brought his family over here and got an important job in our defense industries. He deems it very unjust that he cannot return to Germany for a few days to check on his various interests. He dismissed the danger of being kidnapped by the Russians with a wave of his large meaty hand—and the idea that he had incurred any penalties by supplying the Hitler war machine with some of its deadliest weapons down to the last day of the war simply failed to occur to him."

"I don't wonder the man gave you such a jolt. From all I gather he must embody in his arrogant self one of the most bedeviling aspects of the whole European problem. We seldom see it as close at hand over here The Germans have a push and a technical know-how that normally leaves their immediate neighbors miles behind. And now that in six short years the Germans are beginning again to export in all directions and outshine materially their fellow-Europeans. . . ."

EDWARD S. SKILLIN.



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# *Danger Signs in Japan*

## The drift toward State Shinto may mean a revival of religious intolerance.

By HUGH H. SMYTHE

THE unity of government and religion, or *saisei itchi,* has been a definitely planned objective of the leaders of Japan's national destiny since the beginning of the modern period in 1868. Later, to strengthen this unity, education was added to form a trinity. In 1937, the education department of the central government in Tokyo issued a significant book, *Kokutai no Hongi* (*The Fundamental Principles of the National Structure*), which said, "although religious ceremony and government and education each has its own separate operations, in the last analysis they are one and the same." What this trinity did for Japan in regimenting the people, stifling individual thought, persecuting those who disagreed or refused to conform, and finally leading the nation into a costly war that ended in disastrous defeat is only too well known. Thus it is especially important now to be alert to any possible revival of this kind in a Japan which today is once again emerging into prominence on the international scene.

During the past several months incidents have occurred which have given concern to Christians in Japan who already are aware of numerous undemocratic trends in Japanese national affairs. This feeling of alarm is growing today because, as in the immediate past, Japan's national life is being guided by conservatives, by men who have a nostalgia for "old Japan" and its regimented ways and a seeming distaste for the democratic way of life with its basic principle of individual freedom, that was begun under the Occupation.

It is noteworthy that these Christians have witnessed with increasing concern a mounting accumulation of events that are in direct contradiction to what is expected of a nation striving to achieve democracy: the return to important public and private positions of wartime leaders; the rush towards rearmament and militarism; the development of a one-party state; the gradual but sure political shift to the extreme Right; the growing arrogance of a Prime Minister with an overwhelming political majority; the return of landlordism; the centralization of the police; the government's effort to enact a press censorship law; the revival of nationalistic organizations; the resurgence of octopus-like business combines comparable to the old Zaibatsu; and, in general, the rapid throwing overboard of controls and welfare measures instituted by the Occupation to help the growth of democracy, something that has even brought warnings of caution from John Allison, Counsellor of the future American Embassy in Tokyo.

All of this is serious indeed. But Christians in Japan and especially Christian missionaries, although aware and worried by this trend, are by the nature of their calling and work most vitally concerned with the steady and insistent movement of the government back into the religious realm. They are troubled by the questionable attitude taken by the government and by other responsible Japanese when mention is made of the recrudescence of Shintoism as a state religion and of acts violating the legal and constitutional principle of religious liberty.

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BECAUSE the Occupation authorities were highly conscious of the powerful part Shinto played as the state religion in pre-war and wartime Japan in controlling the people and in indoctrinating them with the heady message that it was their destiny as the nation of the gods to conquer the world, one of the first directives of the Supreme Commander of the Allied Powers, issued December 15, 1945, was an order "to separate religion from the state," in order "to prevent misuse of religion for political ends." Further, under the watchful eyes of SCAP, freedom of religion was set down as a written guarantee in the New Constitution and the Religious Corporations Law was promulgated on April 3, 1951, to the effect that "Freedom of faith guaranteed in the constitution must be respected in all phases of government." These are the written guarantees. Are they being respected in Japan?

On June 22, upon the occasion of the funeral of the Empress Dowager, students in the public schools were directed by the Ministry of Education to offer *mokuto,* or silent prayer. But in addition, the students in some schools were also ordered to stand, face toward Tokyo, and at a given command to do *kyujo yohai,* that is, bowing

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in worship to the divinity of this woman, the same as they were compelled to do in wartime when Emperor-worship was compulsory.

On September 8, on the occasion of the signing of the peace treaty in San Francisco, in some public schools the students were ordered to offer *mokuto,* but this time the order was given under the pretext of praying for the war dead.

On September 15, immediately upon returning from San Francisco, Secretary General Kaneshichi Masuda of the government Liberal Party hastened to visit the Grand Shrine of Ise to "report" to the Sun Goddess on the peace treaty conference in behalf of Prime Minister Yoshida.

On October 8, Mr. Yoshida publicly proclaimed that Yasukuni Shrine in Tokyo, the seat of the god dedicated to the spirit of deceased soldiers, should be turned into a national monument to honor those who died for the glory of Japan. For the first time since the end of the war the autumn grand festival was revived and on October 18 the Prime Minister paid homage to the god of this shrine. In the city of Suwano, Shimaneken, representatives from Tokyo exhorted the people to give money to support Yasukuni Shrine, threatening them with the wrath of the dead soldiers if they neglected to do so.

The Emperor, who has publicly renounced all claims to divinity but who still stands as the "symbol of state," religiously makes regular official visits to the Grand Shrine at Ise to pay homage to Amaterasu, the Sun Goddess from whom he formerly claimed to be a divine descendant.

The Minister of Education, Teiyu Amano, saying that Japan has lost her "spiritual backbone," has announced his intention of issuing a morals code. This is reviving once again the wartime practice of government by decree, the issuing of orders from above and imposing them upon the people below.

In Yamaguchi City, in October, the police visited a Christian church and, under the pretext of looking for Communists, demanded that the minister let them inspect his membership list. He refused. And in violation of the law, god-shelves are again being noticed in some public schools. All of these are obvious breaches of the religious freedom laws and constitutional guarantees and they are ominous signs of the possible return to State Shinto.

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WHAT has been the attitude of the government to this trend? When the Japan Bible Christian Council brought the matter of compulsory *mokuto* and *kyujo yohai* to the attention of the government, the Minister of Education replied that his instructions to the schools were not to be taken as an order but he said, in effect, that "it would be desirable if this was done." He admitted that the term *mokuto* has a religious origin but he did not feel its use in any way put the government in the position of calling upon the students to perform a religious rite.

The editor of the *Nippon Times,* rising to the defense of the government in asking for a *mokuto* in a State affair, sought publicly in an editorial to condemn Christians and especially missionaries who expressed concern at this enforcement of compulsory participation in a religious rite in government schools. Saying he saw the Shinto rite of *mokuto* merely as the counterpart of the minute of silence observed in Western countries on special occasions (a highly inexact parallel and an inadequate explanation), he bluntly and pointedly asked, "would it be too much to ask missionaries not to interfere with our customs and manners?"

The Minister of Education, defending his intention to issue a code of morals, said he would do so in his capacity as "an individual holding the portfolio of the Education Minister." This is indeed a very vague qualification. The revival of this bureaucratic and authoritarian practice brought warnings even from the Japanese press. On October 22, the *Asahi* said, "an official imposition of 'morals' is futile. No one will refute the necessity of some kind of ethical standard. But it must not be decreed by the Government. It was not long ago that the indoctrination of nationalism or ultra-nationalism was conducted in the form of 'moral' education." The *Yomiuri* editorialized on October 23: "Our past misfortunes were derived from imposition of 'morals' by the Government upon a submissive people."

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IN explanation of Prime Minister Yoshida's public worship at Yasukuni Shrine on October 18, it is significant that the Chief Secretary of the Cabinet, Katsuo Okazaki, felt constrained to declare that the visit was not motivated by any desire to revive Shinto as a state religion. At a press conference on October 15, he said, "There is no question of tying up Shinto with the government as in the old days. The Prime Minister will be attending the ceremony in the same way a high American official would be visiting the tomb of the Unknown Soldier." However, in view of the government's former connection with Shinto as a state religion, this is an inexact parallel. It is obvious that he was quite conscious of the significance, in the eyes of the Japanese public, of the Prime Minister's worshipping at this noted Shinto shrine.

What is significant in all of this is that we must not forget the background of Shinto and its role in Japanese national life. The roots of social custom are so entwined in Shintoism



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that to "order" a period of even silent prayer, or for a high government official to pay homage to a god of an important national Shinto shrine and give such action wide publicity, is to aid in the revival of the religious and state relationship. Further, it is not only what the particular incident is but what this sort of action leads to that gives cause for real concern. As one Japanese publicly asked the editor of the *Nippon Times*: "What assurance can one give that compulsory *mokuto* for the war-dead will not become a precedent for compulsory worship of the Emperor and his Imperial ancestors?" And he went on to point out that, "The distance between compulsory *mokuto* for the war-dead and compulsory worship of the Emperor is short indeed."

It is not that Christians in general or missionaries in particular wish to interfere with Japanese customs. Nor are they asking for special treatment. But they are concerned at the apparent indifference generally prevailing in Japan today to what appears to be a trend to circumvent the spirit of the new constitution, and especially the provision relating to separation of Church and State. They are worried because they see the doctrine of the unity of government and religion again receiving emphasis in the state educational system. They are anxious because they see signs indicating that the Japanese people are being prepared for the reunion of the state to Shintoist beliefs and practices. And they ask: Why wait until that reunion is consummated before sounding the alarm?

Christians, and especially missionaries who have spent much time in Japan, know that once *saisei itchi* again becomes the national plan, religious freedom, in the real sense, with its liberties and blessings, will be lost to the Japanese people. Thus they plead that these infringements be corrected now before it is too late.

Christians in Japan know, judging by the adverse reaction coming from some of the Japanese public to the protests against this drift towards a return to State Shinto and the tendency prevalent among Japanese to be indifferent about individual freedom of conscience, that it will be only a matter of time before pressure will be brought to bear upon Christians and all others who refuse to obey orders to participate in such government-sponsored religious rites. Those who are in Japan to spread the faith of Christ are fearful that if they ignore such offenses as these against the principle of religious freedom—offenses perpetrated in the name of national custom—and if the new constitution begins to be interpreted in a manner allowing a government agency or official to reintroduce into the state schools a compulsory religious rite and to issue morals codes, it will not be long before there will again be religious persecution in Japan.

FROM ITALY

# *What Is Wrong With Europe?*

A STRANGE thing about the North Atlantic Treaty Organization's meeting in Rome was that when the meeting started, almost everybody in Italy took it for granted that it would be a failure, and they did so not with sorrow but with a sort of satisfaction. Italian generals wrote comments on the projected European army, a subject that was under discussion at the Rome session, pointing out its weaknesses in a way that must have filled the Communists with delight. One of them said that the staff of a European army would be a Babel of confusion with the different languages hopelessly hampering its doubtful efficiency. It was also said that neither the officers nor the men were prepared to think in terms of a united Europe, which does not make much sense to them and for which they are not by any means ready yet to fight. Add to this the fact that in Italy's case, one out of every three conscripted soldiers could safely be considered a Communist or a fellow traveler, and the picture could not be much more depressing.

But whatever one may say of the undermining activities of the Communists, it is cynically admitted that they have proved to be most "valuable" in spite of all. If it were not for the Communist threat, aid from the United States would not be so generously forthcoming. Even so, all the hundreds of millions of dollars spent so far have not really cut down the number of Communists in Party ranks.

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ONE evening in a Roman *trattoria,* one of the 400 delegates attending the NATO conference in Rome who was apparently inspired by the light white wine from the nearby Castelli, was trying hard to figure out why the NATO conferences have so far had such poor results. He belonged to the group of veterans who had been at the previous meetings in Brussels and Ottawa. It seems, he said, that at each new conference an invisible and mysterious hand undoes the work done at the previous conference and we have the feeling of starting from scratch again and again. He said that this reminded him of Penelope's cloth, which she worked on during the day and undid during the night, in order to fool her suitors. Europe is Penelope, he said. Between the conferences Europe undoes the work which has already been done and she finds all sorts of hollow excuses in order not to do something herself for her own defense and at least meet the US halfway. What is the European Penelope waiting for? Who is the Odysseus she is expecting?



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He could not give a satisfactory answer, nor could we who were listening to him. But we all had to admit that there is no proper proportion between the gigantic armament effort of the US and that which the other members of the Atlantic Pact are undertaking. Both France and Great Britain are already suffering heavily from an economic crisis partly caused by the armament program, and this has happened long before their armies can be compared to those of the Russians on the other side of the Iron Curtain. France seems able to gather a certain amount of energy only in order to offset the rearmament of Germany, and Italy finds the terrible floods in the Po valley an excellent excuse for not doing more on its rearmament program. The amazing thing is that this military impotence is not due to Communist sabotage or anything of the kind, but is revealed by supposedly anti-Communist Europe, in spite of the threat from the Red Army and from the local powerful Communist fifth columns.

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WHAT is the reason? Is it that Europe does not really believe in the Communist threat and the possibility of war?

On the contrary. War psychosis, or rather war fatalism, is so strong that there is no confidence in the future. All long-term initiative seems to be paralyzed all over the continent. Western Europe watches the rebuilding of the huge American war machine with mixed feelings, remembering that preparation for war has led to war in the past.

War psychosis or war fatalism seems to be even more developed on the other side of the Iron Curtain. There the Russians, as well as their Communist allies in Eastern Europe, may well have a cynical conviction that a war, whatever its final outcome, would almost surely lead to such chaos and misery that Communism would be bound to take another leap forward, as it has with every new war since the time of Marx and Engels. This would seem to apply especially to the underdeveloped areas, where four-fifths of the total human population is living. In the meantime the Russians seem to be convinced, not without reason, that the cold war pays off in these underdeveloped areas, and pays off so well that they can afford to out-wait the enemy.

It is well known that the military preparation of the Red Army east of the Iron Curtain is many times more powerful than the preparation of the West, in spite of the American aid. The enormous human reserves of the Red Army are generally considered to be a sort of compensation for the American superiority in raw materials and technique. The situation is not so bright for the Russians where the satellites are concerned. The only thing that gets through to the outside world is the repeated purging of so-called "Titoists" among the local Communist parties and the army officers in Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Bulgaria. The Russian ideological and military control tightens up slowly and inexorably from month to month.

Refugees from the satellite countries report independently of each other that behind the big Iron Curtain there are lots of other iron curtains quite as tight between the satellite countries and the USSR, which is taken as a sign that the Russians have their reasons for not trusting even the Communists within the satellite countries. The satellite Communists show the same signs of reluctance to make an all-out effort to rearm as some members of the Atlantic Pact in the West.

The Russians' lack of confidence toward their satellites seems to be so thorough that they don't even try to keep up the illusion of an alliance, but exploit the satellites ruthlessly under the pretext that it is in the interest of their defense. Typical in that respect is the Polish joke about the peasant who is interrogated by one of the rare foreigners able to move about in Poland nowadays. The foreigner asks the peasant how things are in Poland and the peasant replies that everything is very satisfactory. For instance, he adds, the Russians import our corn and we in exchange export our coal to the Russians. . . .

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THE Russian and Communist peace propaganda is not considered to be simply a camouflage for a coming war, but also an indication that the Russians cannot rely upon their satellites for offensive warfare and for that reason make a virtue out of the necessity of sticking to the defensive or to the counter-offensive tactics which are thought to suit the temperament of the Russian soldier better. He has to be "warmed up" by an enemy offensive, as was the case with the German attacks during the last war, before yielding his military maximum. At any rate the purges in the satellite countries and the behavior of the Russians seem to indicate that they have their reasons for considering these satellites as exceedingly poor allies, if not as handicaps.

The similarities between Eastern and Western Europe from this point of view are therefore striking. Europe appears in the eyes of the Americans and the Russians alike, and for opposite reasons, as strangely lacking in fighting spirit. To many dynamic young American GIs Western Europe must appear to be suffering from chronic defeatism and a strange fatalistic degeneration. To the Russian soldiers, indoctrinated from birth, the satellite Communists must appear to be poor Communists compared with the Russian brand and the satellite masses as hopelessly infected with capitalist and bourgeois memories. Most of these Russian soldiers have still to pass through "re-education camps" before returning to the USSR, such is the difference.

Does this military impotence on both sides of the Iron Curtain mean that Europe is done for, or is it a strange and vague instinct of self-preservation asserting itself in the face of a war which is bound to be fought on European soil? Is it a half-conscious delaying action on the part of Penelope, in order to deceive her eager suitors from the East and from the West? Is Penelope cynical in doing so, or is she just scared to death?

That was what we could not agree upon in the Roman *trattoria,* despite the inspiring wine.

GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN.



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SO THEY TELL ME

# *Murder on Christmas*

A MAN is murdered on Christmas night. I do not know what in me expects that this will not happen. For there is no reason why men who will violate the law of life will be restrained by a calendar. Nor will they be held back by what it symbolizes. The contemplated murder of Christ was the chief and only purpose of the murder of the innocents at Herod's order: "In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not."

Murder is the most incomprehensible of human deeds. For it must proceed on the principle that one has authority to extinguish life. For the murderer it must be accomplished in the belief that my life is not mine but his—not anyone's, perhaps, a thing of no meaning. I am not, of course, speaking of passion and the crimes of passion. The welling up of anger so great that it pervades the whole mind and takes possession of it, blotting out all reason and absolving one of responsibility, so that a man is captive, as if to some potent drug, is understandable. One may not forgive it, but it is impossible, since we are human and acquainted with our own passion, to deny it comprehension. Indeed the law, even the moral law, finds distinctions for passion's robbing men of life, and the state uses the distinctions to vary punishment.

But murder requires forethought, a callousness, a deliberation. It involves the whole mind. It demands calculation. For murder must consist of two things: a death, and a getting away. Risk is measured, and darkness is called upon to diminish it. Knowledge of an area and of a man's habits, the absence of police, is required. Travel time is known by testing. The instrument of murder is chosen from many possible instruments, and it, too, is tested; and, in the case of a bomb, carefully and even expertly prepared beforehand. With such nicety are all these things calculated, with such precision measured that the murderer has so lessened risk as almost wholly to eliminate it. So much is the sense of urgency quieted that it almost has no presence at all; so that the dead is the known victim of the professional, the expert as distinguished from one who is himself a victim—the peon, like Othello, of passion.

★

SUCH a man—or men—painstaking and deliberate, made a bomb powerful, it would seem, with nitroglycerine, placed it directly under the bedroom of a Negro educator and sent him knowingly to death last Christmas night.

The South has trained itself to accept a scale of human values different from what we profess to be our own. It has selected a range, a spectrum of inferiorities, and at the bottom of that range it has put the Negro. It has trained whites, or they have trained themselves, no matter how little, how ignorant, how poor, how shut off from the pleasant things of life, to accept the values and to assign to themselves a sense of superiority in respect of Negroes. Many whites live in the South not under a class system but in a caste system, in respect of which there is no sign or hope of social or economic mobility. It has all the attributes of true caste, and the Negroes, themselves, are part of it. But though there are different castes, one thing unites the whites in common attribution: the Negro is inferior. He is excluded from the laws and the rights and privileges which the laws, in some measure, grant or extend to everyone else.

What for him is crime is not crime for another. What he is punished for, another is not. He is arrested for what in others goes without blame or even mild remonstrance. Equal justice under law is a phrase incised in the white marble over most of our courthouses. For the Negro, in the South, the phrase is over no house, no church, no school. It does not apply to him. In George Orwell's *Animal Farm* it is remarked that "all pigs are equal, but some pigs are more equal than others." Less equal than others are Negroes in Jefferson's South. "All he requires," says one of the men in Faulkner's *Intruder in the Dust,* "is that they act like niggers." They live in no safety: "black men and women and children breathing and waiting inside their barred and shuttered houses . . . just keeping out of sight and out of the way." Thus Faulkner describes them in time of disorder and the unproved charge, against a Negro, of unestablished crime.

No one is more aware than I that there have been changes in our South in the last ten years—great changes, revolutionary changes, changes brought forward by men of great good will. And so great a personality and so reputable and honest an authority as Miss Lillian Smith has recently listed them. Florida is not the whole of the South, and Mims is not the whole of Florida. And yet Harry T. Moore is dead in Mims, and he was bombed to death. And yet William Faulkner could write of the young boy Charles that when he went to violate a grave "in order to save a nigger murderer," he had knowledge that "this land was a desert and a witness, this empty road its postulate . . . of the deliberate turning as with one back of the whole dark people on which the very economy of the land itself was founded, not in heat or anger nor even regret but in one irremediable invincible inflexible repudiation, upon not a racial outrage but a human shame."

I do not like to hear the United States described, as it recently was by Bertrand Russell, as being under "a reign of terror," because it is untrue. I do not like to read that Mr. Walter White has described Mr. Moore as "another victim of a reign of terror and violence which has afflicted the State of Florida in recent months." I think we are getting careless with our language. To apply phrases like "iron curtain" and "reign of terror"



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to all the United States, or part of it, seems to me to show the lack of poise and delicacy that are part of the equipment of accuracy. I do not see how one can describe Russia and its satellite governments as being under a "reign of terror," which is an official thing, and say at the same time that we are under one. Language ought to possess more precision than that. To apply the phrase indiscriminately is to rob it of meaning and, hence, of strength. To use the phrase in both instances is to allow for no difference; no sharp distinction is thus made possible, and motes and beams become the same thing.

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YET I can understand Mr. White, and I share his sense of shame and outrage. For the facts are that since June, ten dynamitings and "attempted dynamitings," as the U.P. puts it, have taken place in Florida. Synagogues, a Negro housing development, a Catholic church, all in Miami, have been the objects of attack. Terror obviously is at work and here is employed what someone has called "the strategy of terror." Lawlessness and violence seem to be getting safe.

Why Jews, especially, and Catholics are being involved in these calculated exercises in lawlessness is not yet clear to me. The lives of such men and women, their community centers, the houses of their worship, the symbols of their faiths, are being blasted at under the total darkness of anonymity, which is the relief and cloak for cowards.

It is not even clear that Mr. White is right in connecting the two. But when he says that Mr. Moore's death "cannot be considered apart from the slaying of Samuel Shepherd and the shooting of Walter Lee Irwin by Sheriff Willis McCall," he is making sense to me.

Handcuffed together and unarmed, and being transported in the sheriff's car, these two Negroes were shot and one was killed. If Mr. Irwin is telling the truth, the sheriff's deputy shot him as he lay wounded on the ground when it has been discovered that he was not dead. If Mr. Irwin is telling the truth, he was the human object of deliberate murder. They were the last of the defendants charged with rape of a seventeen-year-old white girl in 1949. They had been tried and convicted and the Supreme Court of the United States, finding legal infirmities in the first trial, had ordered a retrial. One of the defendants was killed by a posse. Only Mr. Irwin is now alive.

It was the claim of the sheriff that Shepherd and Irwin were trying to escape. Irwin has denied this under oath from his hospital bed. On the ground that he acted "in line of duty," the sheriff was exonerated by a coroner's jury.

All human evidence is contradictory, and it was recommended as a principle of operation for historians by Hilaire Belloc that all men lie. There is Irwin's story and the sheriff's story. You can choose between them.

But it is a fact that Mr. Moore raised money and sought support for these Negroes from the beginning. It remains undisputed that when a mob surrounded the county seat in 1949, threatening what all good Southern mobs threaten to do to Negroes charged with offending "the honor of Southern womanhood," Mr. Moore asked that Sheriff McCall be removed on the seemingly clear ground that law enforcement, under McCall, had ceased to exist. It is a fact that Mr. Moore was an official of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and that he and his organization sought the prosecution of Sheriff McCall. It is a fact that he was murdered. The connection between his position, his beliefs, his activities, and his death are very clear to me.

★

VIGILANTES usually have their origin in the absence of legal agencies, or in a certain unwillingness to wait, a certain visceral impatience with the orderly slowness which the process of justice requires. Mobs indicate a contempt which is the native property of cowards. Each man briefly borrows a strength from the mob which he is incapable of supplying to himself. There are Freudian explanations, too, which I will not set down, though I am willing to accept them.

But here, in Florida, it would seem, the mob acted as if it expected and knew it had, not the protection of the law, but the freedom from its enforcement. It is a new, modern brand of vigilante. A certain casual and unvigorous obedience not to the law but to the forms of law, a gesture of patent insincerity characterized the attitude of officials towards Sheriff McCall. The mob had its way with the Negroes for, in a sense, McCall almost acted as if he were its representative. Of the sheriff's part the Governor has shown, to my knowledge, not even the disapproval that even mild skepticism requires.

There is no air of genuine excitement about the use of dynamite. No sense of outrage cries out into the shocked and troubled night. Power seems to be an exercise in influence, not a thing of responsibility. Effective action is not noticed because it is not present, and it is not present because a certain moral vigor is not present.

Because this is so, a family which went to bed in the palm-tree'd and threatful night is not a family any more. On the night which we remember because Christ was born, in a part of the United States inequality was enforced, and a man who disbelieved in it was murdered in his sleep.

FRANCIS DOWNING.

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An Appeal

SISTER Leonarda Marie of the Poor Child Jesus, who has sought aid from COMMONWEAL readers for various houses of her order in Germany and for certain desperately poor families, now writes of the urgent needs of her own convent in Louvain. She asks for funds for their small chapel which has need of a simple two-octave harmonium and a small ostensorium "for feasts." Contributions may be sent direct to:

Sister Leonarda Marie
13 Minderbroederstraat
Louvain, Belgium.



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# The Stage

## CLEOPATRA AND FRIENDS

SHAW always delighted in comparing himself with Shakespeare, but it wasn't until Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh decided to play "Caesar and Cleopatra" and "Antony and Cleopatra" on successive nights that anyone attempted to transmit the comparison to the stage. The Irishman, of course, was being playful; he understood Shakespeare as perfectly as anyone, and he certainly understood the disparity of their styles. If he was ever serious in equating himself with his predecessor, he did so only in the sense that he—Shaw—had developed an entirely new theatrical method and that his theatrical method was far more appropriate to the times.

Such fault as is to be found with the Olivier-Leigh double bill is in their failure to make Shaw's own distinction. They have, apparently, tried to tie the two men into the same emotional scheme—principally by playing "Caesar" as though it were a straight-faced chronicle play—and I think that Shaw would have been outraged by the procedure. He would surely have wanted to sparkle alongside his competitor's bombast, and he would never have expected to compete with his poetry.

Laurence Olivier plays Caesar for flesh and blood, rather than for flashing wit and urbane style, and Shaw's play suffers in the transposition. Its intellectual vivacity is buried beneath an undue concern for characterization as the leading actor—intent upon making Caesar realistically weary—shuffles, mumbles, and stares vacantly into space. By draining the color from his cheeks Olivier drains the chuckles from the play, and in this particular contest only Shakespeare is well served.

Olivier is, of course, handsomely equipped for serving Shakespeare, and with the second play he cuts loose in bravura style, taking Rome and Egypt in what appears to be a single stride, and linking together the many and scattered parts of the play by the sheer force of his personality and the special image he has of Antony. He senses the fundamental immaturity of this historic wastrel, and he makes you see him in each of his postures: in his sensuality, his pride, his sensitivity to any suggestion that he is not the man he ought to be, and in the recklessness of his final self-assertion. Where the Shaw play glides by without ever seeming to settle down to its characteristically Shavian set-pieces, the Shakespeare gets full value out of every scene. In consequence, it seems to move about twice as rapidly.

Olivier's Antony is not perfect. It is sometimes too bravura, sometimes flatly indistinct, and it provides no single moment as thrillingly read as the St. Crispin's Day address in "Henry V." But it is still a full-scale, clearly defined piece of work, and fascinating to watch.

Miss Leigh's task is of a different order. Instead of shifting her entire style from night to night, she must establish a clean line of connection between the two Cleopatras. Since one of these is an inexperienced child and the other quite a calculating woman—and since the two parts have been written by authors with practically nothing in common but the English language—she is faced with a considerable challenge; but she responds to it confidently. She forces her child a bit; she loses some of the exaltation of the lament which closes her career as a queen; and there has been some cutting of Shakespeare in order to simplify her problem. But she succeeds in creating a single, believable, and commanding person, and it is no small accomplishment.

The supporting company is not always as flexible as we are led to expect, given the advantages of English repertory training. But Robert Helpmann attacks his strongly contrasted roles—Apollodorus, Octavius Caesar—with real skill, and Wilfred Hyde White is effective in both plays. Roger Furse's settings expedite the complex physical maneuverings of both plays brilliantly, and Michael Benthall's stage direction is fluid and visually helpful at every turn. (*At the Ziegfeld*)

## THE WILD DUCK

IBSEN is becoming less and less playable all the time, but he has surely not yet reached the desuetude of City Center's current revival. Considering the speed with which its productions must be assembled, City Center has been courageous in tackling this perplexing sample of the Norwegian's penchant for mixing symbolism and reality, but it has not really been very clear-headed. The delicate acting balances which must be achieved and sustained if the piece is not to lapse into downright absurdity cannot be had in two weeks' rehearsal time. The air of domestic actuality which is needed to anchor the play's runaway symbolism cannot be got by slapping obviously painted sets onto an oversize and echoing stage. The play might have some historical interest for us still if it were meticulously acted and surrounded by affectionate detail, but in the present circumstances neither virtue is present, and "The Wild Duck" emerges a dead one.

Some good actors are seriously at fault, as well. Maurice Evans blusters his way through, and well beyond, the outlines of Ibsen's shallow, but self-satisfied, Ekdal; Kent Smith makes the mistaken idealist, Gregers Werle, too literally a stuffed shirt; and Philip Loeb, as Ekdal's broken father, seems to be under the impression that he is playing Nana in "Peter Pan." Only Mildred Dunnock, David Lewis, and to a slightly lesser degree Diana Lynn seem to know what they are about, but their occasional flashes of honest intensity are not enough to warm the play's old bones. (*At City Center*)

WALTER KERR.

**The final report on The Commonweal's circulation drive will appear in next week's issue.**



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# The Screen

## GETTING TO KNOW YOU

THAT cinema speaks an international language, in spite of the fact that sound tracks are usually national now, is evidenced by a group of new, exceptionally good films this week from various parts of the world. With foreign-language films, sub-titles help our understanding, but it is the visuals that speak most eloquently. Particularly is this true of *"Rashomon,"* which is the first Japanese film to be shown publicly in this country in fourteen years. It is a beautifully-made film and a strictly adult affair. Its main plot concerns three people: a bandit and a man and his wife. The bandit attacks the other two in the forest, seduces the wife, and the husband is killed. The remarkable thing about this film is that this plot is told by four different people—by the bandit, the wife, the dead husband (who speaks through a medium in one of the most imaginative scenes I've ever seen) and by a woodsman who was a witness. The four stories vary as to the seduction or rape, and as to the murder or suicide; but the total effect of the four versions is one of extreme cynicism.

The whole of "Rashomon" is told in a framework of flashbacks starting with three men who meet by seeking shelter from the rain in a dilapidated building that is the gateway to Kyoto. All this takes place some 1,200 years ago when disaster had already ruined the once-splendid city. The men are dejected and one of them, a priest, believes that his faith in mankind may now be destroyed by this terrible story which they tell. Again and again the script reiterates the desperate state of affairs as they are today: "Life is as ephemeral as dew." "Often men won't speak the truth even to themselves." "But who *is* honest nowadays?" "We can't live unless we act selfishly for ourselves." As the film progresses and we get the various versions through flashbacks within flashbacks, the camera returns from time to time to these three men, and at the very end an incident happens which restores the priest's faith in the goodness of mankind. Although the sequences with the three men were necessary to the telling of this unusual story, at times they are so complicated that they are almost impossible to follow. But the main plot is handled expertly. It is hard to judge the acting, which varies from realism to stylized portrayals, but the total effect is fascinating in spite of the fact that the intended cynicism becomes repelling. The photography is excellent and occasionally takes on a lyrical quality that is sharply contrasted with the earthy meanness of humans.

It is often said that Japanese are very good imitators. As you see "Rashomon" you may recognize little bits of film technique taken from other film-makers; but if the Japanese can improve when they borrow, more power to them. Many who see this film will find all kinds of symbols: the unhappy state of the world today, the selfishness of people, the rebirth of Japan in the final scene with the baby, etc. But actually "Rashomon" can be seen and enjoyed by thinking adults without getting involved in hidden meanings. It is indeed a rare cinema treat.

★

IT is interesting that another outstanding picture dealing with another former enemy is on our screens at the beginning of the new year. Actually *"Decision Before Dawn,"* based on George Howe's Christopher-prize-winning novel, is an American movie, but it was filmed entirely in Europe. *Call It Treason,* the title of Howe's book from which Peter Viertel wrote his good script, would have been a better name for the film because it deals with Germans, one in particular, who spied for the U. S. Army Intelligence on their own countrymen. While leading roles are played by Hollywood's Richard Basehart and Gary Merrill as American Intelligence officers, it is Austrian Oskar Werner who plays the lead in this extraordinary film and plays it to perfection. As a Luftwaffe medic who becomes an American prisoner of war and then volunteers to spy for us (to learn the location of the 15th Panzer Corps) this serious, sensitive young man takes on a difficult assignment—and takes us on a thrilling chase expedition throughout Germany that packs one suspenseful scene after the other until the finale. But "Decision before Dawn" has more than suspense. Photographed against on-the-spot shots of bombed-out Germany, it tells much about the Germans during the last year of the war—their defeatism, their hopes, their pro-Nazi attitudes and their anti-Nazi sentiments. Producer-director Anatole Litvak has done an excellent job in conveying the spirit of a people living under a dictator, and he has done even better, helped by the brilliant performance of Oskar Werner, in showing how a man is willing to buck his own fellow-countrymen to fight against something he is convinced is wrong. Don't miss this unusual movie.

★

IT is also interesting that Oskar Werner, who gives such a fine performance in "Decision before Dawn," gives such a poor one in an English film made about his native Austria. *"Angel with the Trumpet,"* is sort of an Austrian "Cavalcade" crowded with homey family scenes and historical incidents affecting the family. Actually Mr. Werner's role is small. The main role is effectively played by Eileen Herlie, who grows from a beautiful young girl more than a little interested in Crown Prince Rudolph (Norman Wooland) to the attractive wife of the piano-maker (Basil Sydney), and finally the elderly matriarch who turns to suicide when everything seems to go wrong. In fact the whole film has a strange air of decadence leading to despair—the despair and defeatism of many generations of unhealthy values. The picture, although very handsome at times, does not live up to the motto of the family whose story it tells: "The trumpet says make music and the angel says serve God."

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.



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# Communications

## *European Union*

New York, N. Y.

TO THE Editors: Congratulations on your enlightened view of the European union question. It is of the utmost importance that Europe once and for all turn her back on her past, and wipe out the anachronistic, man-made national boundaries to form a great economic and political union. This would, as you so clearly pointed out, cut away the customs barriers that have strangled free trade among the many nations of that continent.

Indeed, the formation of a European political union would be but the initial step in forming a world-wide government—which is the only fool-proof solution for the never-ending conflict and wars in the world as it is now constituted. . . .

After all, the individual is the common denominator of all nations, of whatever size and economic organization. The political institutions of man should be constructed to benefit man, not hurt him. No one, studying the last thirty years of history, could maintain that the present political structure has benefitted humanity. On the contrary, it has caused mankind to go to war twice within a quarter century and today we face the possibility of World War III. The cause of these wars is the division of the world into many different countries, each with unregulated sovereignty, which means, primarily, the right to maintain armed forces and attack other nations. Certainly, such a system could not breed anything but chaos and war.

Therefore, the only way to do away with war is to remove the cause of war. This means, as you stated, a complete political revolution, beginning with the union of all Europe. . . .

. . . the greater good of mankind necessitates that this political revolution be effected. As you stated, such a political union must have instruments with power to do the work they are supposed to do. This means that the legislature of the European union must have power to make laws that are enforceable. It also means that the executive must have the power to enforce the laws and directives of the union government. There must likewise be a court with Continent-wide jurisdiction. All of which means that the nations of Europe must give up that part of their sovereignty which is concerned with foreign affairs.

There can be no shirking this revolution. Thoughtful people of all nations recognize the need for this last step in the political evolution of mankind. Those small politicians who, for reasons of petty vanity and prestige, will seek to throw a monkey wrench into the movement for regional and, ultimately, world political union, will be held accountable for their obstructionism. The alternative is world suicide.

GILBERT K. SMITH.

## *War and Conscience*

New York, N. Y.

TO THE Editors: It is impossible to complain of the spirit in which Michael de la Bedoyere's article on pacifism was written—that of charity, and a real anguish and consciousness that modern war is a dilemma for the Christian. However, there are very pertinent objections to the arguments which he advances in support of Christian participation in modern war.

First: I must agree that the Christian tradition on war is unable to cope with its modern reality. The theologians at La Haye saw this years ago. But I do not think that anything is gained by two paragraphs interpreting the "spirit of Scripture." I submit that, given the state of theology at the present time, Mr. de la Bedoyere and I, as laymen, must follow the criterion which the Church has traditionally maintained. And, as his article implies, modern war is interdicted by that tradition.

Second: I find a dangerous assumption in the article, which no theologian in the world today would support: that the defense of certain values justifies actions which we know—in the back of our heads— are immoral. Surely, the Christian proposition is radical, but it is clearly Christian: one, single immoral act could not be posited if it would guarantee a millenium of peace and prosperity . . .

But more importantly, this same confusion of end and means has results in his reasoning which are questionable in the light of natural reason, unsupported by revelation. The Christian citizen is to resist with atomic weapons, but with the object "to preach and teach the Kingdom of God from within this particular set of circumstances." Isn't the precise basis of Christian opposition to war the fact that unjust means make this end impossible? How can Hiroshima be bombed "to teach the Kingdom of God," or Hamburg, Berlin, London, or any of the other cities which were devastated in the last war? In the *City of God,* Augustine, who defended the possibility of a just war, wrote that if a war were not conducted with charity, it could only bring misery. It is the point of the Christian pacifist that modern war cannot, because of its means, be conducted with charity, and that it will, therefore, bring only misery.

Michael de la Bedoyere states the ideal of the Christian: "to participate in the natural world with the ideal of raising its standards by always witnessing to the supernatural level which Our Lord came into the world to teach and preach."

In *Advent,* Jean Danielou wrote: "[A Christian] . . . often finds himself forced to quit the fight because his conscience asks too much of him, and therefore he is less adapted to the struggle of the moment, and worldly efficiency. He must recognize his true vocation: to refuse to allow man's destiny to be reducted to his temporal fulfillment, and to try and save what is eternal in him."

The Christian tragedy is not death at the hands of the Russians; it is the supremacy of Mr. de la Bedoyere's ideal over Father Danielou's.

MICHAEL HARRINGTON.



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# *The Story of Steve Hergenhan*

By DOROTHY DAY

STEVE HERGENHAN came to *The Catholic Worker* from Union Square. He was a German carpenter, a skilled workman who after forty years of frugal living had bought himself a plot of ground near Suffern, New York, and had proceeded to build on it, using much of the natural rock in the neighborhood. He built his house on a hillside and used to ski down to the village to get groceries. He did not like cars and would not have one. He thought that cars were driving people to their ruin. Workers bought cars who should buy homes, he said, and they willingly sold themselves into slavery and indebtedness for the sake of the bright new shining cars that speeded along the super highways. Maybe he refused to pay taxes for the roads that accommodated the cars. Maybe he was unable to. At any rate, he lost his little house on the side of the hill and ended up in New York, on a park bench during the day, telling his grievances to all who would listen, and eating and sleeping in the Municipal Lodging House, which then maintained the largest dormitory in the world, seven hundred double-decker beds.

Both Peter Maurin and Steve were agreed on a philosophy of work and the evils of the machine—they followed the writings of the distributists of England and the Southern agrarians in this country. But Steve differed from Peter on works of mercy. He declaimed loudly with Saint Paul, "He who does not work, neither let him eat." And no physical or mental disability won his pity. Men were either workers or shirkers. It was the conflict between the worker and scholar that Peter was always talking about. Steve considered himself both a worker and a scholar.

When Hergenhan came to us, Peter begged him to consent to be used as a foil. Steve was to present the position of the Fascist, the totalitarian, and Peter was to refute him. They discoursed at our nightly meetings, in Union Square and Columbus Circle, and in Harlem, where we had been given the use of another store for the winter. They were invited to speak by Father Scully at a Holy Name meeting, and a gathering of the Knights of Columbus. How they loved these audiences in the simplicity of their hearts. Steve the German, Peter the Frenchman, both with strong accents, with oratory, with facial gesture, with striking pose, put on a show, and when they evoked laughter, they laughed too, delighted at amusing their audience, hoping to arouse them. "I am trying to make the encyclicals click," Peter used to say joyfully, radiant always before an audience. They never felt that they were laughed at. They thought they were being laughed with. Or perhaps they pretended not to see. They were men of poverty, of hard work, of Europe and America; they were men of vision; and they were men, too, with the simplicity of children.

But Hergenhan had bitterness too. The articles he wrote for *The Catholic Worker* about life in the Municipal Lodging House and the quest for bread of the homeless were biting. After the first one appeared, one of the city officials drove up with some companions in a big car and with unctuous flattery praised the work we were doing and asked us why we did not come to them first rather than print such articles about the work of the city.

"I tried to tell you," Hergenhan said. "I tried to tell you of the graft, the poor food, the treatment we received, the contempt and kicking around we got. But you threatened me with the psychopathic ward. You treated me like a wild beast. You gave me the bum's rush."

★

WE rented a twelve-room house with a big attic, in Huguenot, Staten Island, right on the water, and there Steve planted a garden which was a model to all who came to participate in week-end conferences. Groups of young people came and speakers from Columbia University, from the Catholic University, from colleges in the Midwest, for these retreats and colloquiums.

They all talked, and Steve talked with the best of them, but they were young and he was past fifty; they were young students, second- or third-generation Italian, German, French, Irish, and Peter and Steve were first-generation. They listened to Peter because he never turned on them. Steve hated their avoidance of work, and after a good deal of recrimination turned from them to cultivate his garden.

The young fellows picketed the German consulate in protest against Nazism; they gave out literature at the docking of the Bremen and became involved in a riot when some Communists who called themselves Catholic workers tore down the swastika from the ship and were arrested. But Hergenhan just vented his scorn on youth in general and brought in great baskets of Swiss chard, tomatoes, beans and squash for us to admire and eat. It choked him to see the young people eat them. He wanted disciples who would listen to him and work with him.

The next year we received a letter from a Baltimore schoolteacher who wished to invest in a community. She offered us a thousand dollars provided we would build her a house and deed her three acres of the farm near Easton, Pennsylvania, to be purchased with her down payment. She would provide second-hand materials for the house.

We tried to dissuade her from coming to us, telling her of our dissensions, warning her she would be disappointed, but she insisted on contributing the money. She was disappointed of course, but when she sold her little house some ten years later, she got out of it a

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DOROTHY DAY, founder of the Catholic Worker movement, is the author of The Long Loneliness (Harper) from which this article is excerpted. The book will be published later this month.



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great deal more than she put into it. That didn't prevent her from writing to the Archbishop of Baltimore telling him that she had been lured to contribute to our farming commune by promises of community, which promises had proved false.

Steve always insisted that he had built her house single-handed. But Peter, and John and Paul Cort helped clean second-hand brick, pull nails out of the second-hand lumber, cart water up the hill from the spring and cisterns and dig the cellar, and there were many others who contributed many man-hours of labor. Of course much discussion went on with the building and digging. Hergenhan lived in a little shanty on the edge of the woods and came down to the farmhouse for his meals. He worked with great satisfaction on the house for two years. He was starting off the Catholic Workers with their first farming commune. He was showing them how to work, how to build, and he had great satisfaction in his toil. It was a spot of unutterable beauty looking down over the Delaware and the cultivated fields of New Jersey. Two and a half miles away at the foot of the hills were the twin cities of Easton and Philipsburg, one on either side of the river. Easton is a railroad center and a place of small factories, an old town with many historic buildings, and a college town, with Lafayette College perched upon a hill. There were Syrian, Lithuanian, German, Italian and Irish churches, and we had all these nationalities among us too.

★

HERGENHAN built his house and then returned to the city to indoctrinate. He got tired of being considered the worker, and wanted to be a scholar for a time. But his bitterness had increased. In protest against our policies, specifically our works of mercy, he went to Camp La Guardia, a farm colony for homeless men run by the city. He wanted efficient and able-bodied workers building up village communities. We were clogged up with too much deadwood, with sluggish drones—it was the same old argument again, only this time it was a true worker and not just a young intellectual who was arguing the point.

He became ill and returned to us at Mott Street. We were his family after all. He was by then fifty-six. When he was examined the doctors discovered cancer, and after an operation he was taken to St. Rose's Cancer Hospital on the East Side, to die.

"Abandon hope all ye who enter here," he cried out when I came to visit him. He had not known of his cancer—they had talked of an intestinal obstruction at the hospital where the operation was performed—and when he was brought to St. Rose's he saw written over the door, Home of the Cancerous Poor.

His was a little room on the first floor; all day one could look into the garden and past that to the river where tugs and tankers steamed up and down the tidal river and clouds floated over the low shore of Brooklyn. The world was beautiful and he did not want to die. There was so much work he wanted to do, so small a part he had been allowed to play.


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Peter and I used to go to see him every day. By that time I had just made what came to be known as our retreat and was filled with enthusiasm and ready to talk to anyone who would listen on the implications of the Christian life—and Steve always loved to converse, provided one gave him a chance to get in his share of the conversation.

I went to St. Rose's each day with my notes, and read them to him. He gradually became happy and reconciled. He had said, "There is so much I wanted to do." And I told him how Father John Hugo had talked of work, "that physical work was hard, mental work harder, and spiritual work was the hardest of all." And I pointed out that he was now doing the spiritual work of his life, lying there suffering, enduring, sowing all his own desires, in order to reap them in heaven. He began to realize that he had to die in order to live, that the door would open, that there was a glorious vista before him, "that all things were his."

I read Bede Jarrett's *No Abiding City* to him, and some of Father Faber's conferences on death, and he enjoyed them all. They offered him the richness of thought that he craved, and when the Sister who cared for him asked him if he did not want Baptism, he shouted wholeheartedly, "Yes!"

Peter and I were his sponsors, and to me it was a miracle of God's grace that the lack of dignity with which the Sacrament was conferred did not affront Steve, who was always hypercritical. He was baptized with speed and his confession listened to. He received Viaticum. I remember his anointing most vividly. Three other men were lined up on the bed at the same time, sitting there like gaunt old crows, their simple solemn faces lifted expectantly, childlike, watching every move of the priest, as he anointed their eyes, nose, mouth, ears, their clawlike hands stretched out to receive the holy oil, their feet with horny toes to which the priest bent with swift indifference.

★

STEVE was baptized and anointed but he did not rally. Daily he became weaker and weaker and sometimes when I came I found him groaning with pain. Earlier at Roosevelt Hospital they had given him a brown-paper bag to blow into when he had an attack of pain. He would go through this ridiculous gesture as though he were going to break the bag explosively, as children do, but it was a desperate device like a woman's pulling on a roped sheet attached to the foot of the bed in the agonies of childbirth. Perhaps the intensities of pain and the intensity of pleasure are both somehow shameful because we so lose control, so lose ourselves, that we are no longer creatures of free will, but in the control of our blind flesh. "Who will deliver me from the body of this death?"

Steve died suddenly one morning, and there was no one with him. We found in his papers afterward notations which indicated his bitterness at not being more used, as writer, speaker, teacher. That has been the lament of so many who have died with us. Just as they



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are beginning to open their eyes to the glory and the potentialities of life their life is cut short as a weaver's thread. They were like the grass of the field. "The spaces of this life, set over against eternity, are most brief and poor," one of the desert fathers said. It is part of the long loneliness.

# Of Note

## *East and West*

THE December issue of *Blackfriars* (34 Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. 1, England) carried a lead article on East and West by Basil Wrighton. The following is an excerpt.

> Western Christianity has not, of course, gone all the way with Western civilization. On the contrary, it has been a restraining influence on the drift towards rationalism and materialism. Nevertheless it is deeply involved in the ways of the Western mind. Its theological development has been in accordance with both the genius and the limitations of the West, which loves the measurable and definable, the field of its great successes, and shrinks from the illimitable and unfathomable and transcendent, the uncomfortable scene of its failures. On neither side, of course, does the one tendency altogether exclude the other, or there would be an end to Christian thought; but speaking generally, the theologians of the Western Church are more cataphatically than apophatically minded, those of the Eastern Church the reverse. The tendency of the East has been towards an exaggeration of the 'Christian paradox,' that of the West towards a minimizing of it, towards an over-affirmation of worldly values and an undue deference to rational science. This divergence has increased since the schism, and grown apace in Protestantism. The Fathers of the Church in both East and West looked at nature from the point of view of the supernatural; and right into the middle ages the Pseudo-Dionysius, who is apophasis *in excelsis,* was venerated in the West—but who among us cares much for him now? Some schoolmen, under the banner of Aristotle, began to look at the supernatural from the point of view of nature, marking the analogies and soft-pedalling the antilogies, gradually detaching philosophy from theology, and thereby starting a new epoch of thought which was to end, after the successive revolts of the Renaissance, the Reformation and the Enlightenment, in the secularism of today.
>
> The Christian East has had no scholastic period, no Renaissance, no Reformation, and the Enlightenment barely ruffled its placid surface. Its type of thought is still that of the patristic age, more theological than philosophical, more biblical than scholastic, with a tendency towards excessive world-negation, the practical consequence of its emphasis on the 'paradox.' The Catholic Church holds a middle position between this extreme and the opposite one, Evangelical Protestantism with its utter incomprehension and contempt of the monastic, the ascetic and the mystical. But even the average Western Catholic (particularly the Anglo-Saxon) is not perhaps as sympathetic as he might be towards contemplatives, stylites, sufis, fakirs, or whatever they may be called. The practical life of the pastorate and the teaching and nursing orders is what he really understands and appreciates. It is only with an effort and a wry face that he can admit even the Carthusian and Carmelite program into his scheme of the Christian life.
>
> It has been just the reverse in the Eastern Church. Pastoral and welfare work has been relatively neglected, and the main emphasis thrown on to the contemplative side of the Christian life. Everything—life, liturgy and thought—looks towards divine contemplation as the Christian's goal even on earth, and theology is not adequately distinguished from mysticism. One need only mention the enduring influence of the Hesychastic movement and the spread of its aims and methods to all classes of the Orthodox Church. In spite of a certain tendency to shade off into yoga, this emphasis on contemplation is surely right. It is the great need of our Western world, the only remedy for its mortal sickness. But it requires authoritative guidance. The *starets* in the Eastern Church, like the *pir* or the *guru* outside it, is too much a law to himself to be a safe guide for other souls.
>
> The Orthodox East has certainly been generally faithful to the ancient tradition of the Church. But tradition is not enough. The living organ of authority is also needed, and only the See of Peter can supply this. Rome likewise has kept the tradition, but having also kept the organ of authority, it has been able to develop it, as a tree from a seed. Before the schism the Eastern Church was in the forefront of theological development, but since that time it has been more or less stagnant for want of the rejected authority. It is indeed a remarkable thing that it has continued for so long separated from the organ of supreme authority without falling into heresy. Its safeguard has been its extreme tenacity of ancient tradition, its suspicion of all innovation. This has given it a static and uniform character, in contrast with the rich diversity of individual development which has been possible under the guidance of the Roman See. (Protestantism, having rejected both the authority and the tradition, has ever since been casting off the remaining marks and doctrines of a Christian Church and moving towards a 'liberalism' which is hardly distinguishable from natural religion.)



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# Books

*The Dada Painters and Poets: An Anthology. Robert Motherwell, ed. Wittenhorn, Schultz.* $15.

AS MOST of us are secretly aware, all artists in all times have been pursued by ghosts, and the paler the ghost, the paler the artist, the brighter the ghost, the brighter the artist. Which is another way of saying that the spirit of Edward Lear may have been walking the streets of Zurich that May night in 1916 when Hugo Ball and Richard Huelsenbeck thumbed the pages of a French-German dictionary and discovered that *Dada* in French meant hobby-horse. In that moment Dada was born, and to pretend to plumb the depths of the urge that went by the name of Dada is almost as absurd as to attempt to reduce to common sense one of Lear's recipes for domestic cookery. No one has yet succeeded in understanding how to make gosky patties—even if, as Lear recommended, the paste be visited and the pig beaten on alternate days—and no one, not even the conscientious editor of this Dada anthology, will ever be able to describe Dada in rational terms. For Dada might be likened to an epidemic of impudence which spread from Zurich to Paris to Berlin and to New York, an epidemic which Picasso may have remembered when he murmured that "everyone wants to understand art. Why not try to understand the songs of a bird? Why does one love the night, flowers, everything around one, without trying to understand them?"

This anthology might be compared to a quart of champagne, so brilliant is the gayety of certain of the extracts, but the gayety bears the curse of despair, and it may be that the very quart of champagne we are thinking of is one of those that went down with the *Vestris* in 1928. All of the Dadaists were darkly dedicated men, as a bitter critic realized in 1920 when he noted that "never has a group disposed of such equipment for saying nothing, never has a group gone to such lengths to reach the public and bring it nothing."

This comment could scarcely have embarrassed the founding fathers of Dada, one of whom remarked that Death was "a thoroughly Dadaist business, in that it signifies nothing at all." And after all, Hugo Ball advised that "we . . . burn all libraries and allow to remain only that which everyone knows by heart. A beautiful age of the legend would then be created."

Though certain of the poets who caught Dada contagion—to mention only Andre Breton and Paul Eluard—have written unforgettable poems, they can never be accused of dreaming of the day of their poems' interment in the reputable anthologies. For, as Tristan Tzara observed long ago, "mistakes have always been made, but the greatest mistakes are the poems that have been written."

Tzara's directions for writing Dada poems were nothing if not disdainful. "Take a newspaper. Take a pair of scissors. Choose an article as long as you are planning to make your poem. Cut out the article. Then cut out each of the words that make up this article and put them into a bag. Copy conscientiously, The poem will be like you. And here you will be a writer, infinitely original and endowed with a sensibility that is charming though beyond the understanding of the vulgar."

Perhaps Tzara's words will save Dada from the fate of being considered a cultural phenomenon. Perhaps not. For historians have an unpleasant habit of inspecting the ashes the morning after, no matter if they do look in the opposite direction the moment the fireworks are exploded. Perhaps Dada will be remembered in the end not so much for itself as for its tell-tale influence on the surrealist movement; most of the surrealists came down with Dada at one time or another, and without Dada, surrealism would be unthinkable. As Ribemont-Dessaignes put it, "man is unable to destroy without constructing something other than what he is destroying. Consequently, though Dada had the will and the need to destroy every form of art subject to dogma, it felt a parallel need of expressing itself. It was necessary to replace submission to reality by the creation of a *superior reality*."

To some of us, this Dada anthology will add up to no more than the total of the futility that swept across Europe in the First World War. But this is not quite fair, for our debt to Dada is surprising, even if it isn't quite the kind of debt that bankers recognize. To Dada we owe many angry poets and painters and last but not least Marcel Duchamp, who long ago decided he preferred playing chess to perpetuating works of art.

Maybe Tristan Tzara should be allowed to sign the epitaph of Dada. One of our characteristics, he confessed in 1922, "is the continuous breaking off of our friends. They are always breaking off and resigning. The first to tender his resignation from the Dada movement was *myself*. I broke away from Dada and from myself as soon as I understood the implications of nothing."

Editor Motherwell may or may not understand the implications of nothing, but it would be absurd to deny that the compiler of this astounding anthology is a person of unusual patience and perception.

WAYNE ANDREWS.

*We Fished All Night. Willard Motley. Appleton Century Crofts.* $3.75.

THIS worthless novel concerns three young men in Chicago, Don Lockwood, a Polish-American ashamed of his origins, seeking acceptance and even adulation as an amateur actor; Jim Norris, a happily married union organizer, for whom a strike is a kind of religious experience, and Aron Levin, who, we are told, is a poet. This last is perhaps responsible for the occasional derangement of syntax and the suggestion which haunts the book that this



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is really Carl Sandburg getting down to cases.

The central event in these lives, the war of 1941-45, is omitted save for flashbacks, but it is, in the author's view, responsible for the messy lives his characters create. Jim comes back a sex-fiend and as we leave him, thank God forever, he is spending less and less time on mystical picketing, more and more on stalking young girls through deserted parks. Don loses a leg and, when he is handed the grand chance on a platter, has sense enough to take it: he becomes an astoundingly successful dirty politician of the wounded veteran variety. I forget exactly what did happen to Aron; I think he died insane, thus showing what happens to a poet in Chicago, especially a not very good poet.

The city is also a main character, playing her familiar role of painted woman. For Mr. Motley, the old bag has none of the gaiety, even artificial, that others find in her, but is a grim witch, bent on destroying the integrity of her sons and lovers—not that there was ever much integrity in Mr. Motley's people.

Decorative effects are provided by all the other characters, most of whom exist solely to illustrate Mr. Motley's secondary theme: Capitalist bad, Laborist good. It would be shocking to read one socially conscious novelist who is aware that one may strike and strike and be a villain.

Never content with saying a thing once if he can possibly say it seven times, Mr. Motley dittoes his scenes of city-hall and board-room corruption until, toward the end of the run, he is burlesquing himself on every page. FRANK GETLEIN.

*Since Stalin. A Photo History of Our Time. Boris Shub and Bernard Quint. Swen Publications.* $3.95.

COLLEGE and school textbook buyers will welcome this superb popular outline of the history of Communism; or if they don't, one wonders what they are waiting for. Boris Shub has provided a carefully wrought, condensed narrative of the major events in the birth and growth of Communism and its evolution into an aggressive totalitarian empire. His collaborator, Bernard Quint, of *Life* magazine, has provided a multitude of well-chosen photographs, many of them rare or new.

Not a line or picture is wasted in emotional denunciation of totalitarian enormities. The story is told straight; it flows in smoothly organized sequences, illumined by frequent historical insights and by what the camera reveals of woe and hope and startling evil in this vast processional. Witness the picture of Stalin and Laval on page 64; that of Hewlett Johnson, the Red Dean, on page 66. On page 55 there is a picture of Stalin's young wife lying in her casket with a snapshot of Stalin in the corner smiling his feral smile.

There are verbal nuggets too. I had not known that Stalin had said: "You do not lament the loss of hair of one who has been beheaded." Or, speaking of the Russians who beat the


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Nazis back from Stalingrad: "They are not fighting for the system, they are fighting for their soil."

JAMES RORTY.

*Calvary and Community. M. Harrington. Sheed & Ward. $4.*

OF A POPULAR treatise on the Mass one has the right to expect that it presents, with a minimum of distortion, the main points of eucharistic theology, that it places the Eucharist correctly in the whole framework of theology, that it demstrates to the reader the importance of this sacrament in his own life, that this be done with as fresh a panoply of metaphor and allusion as its author is able to provide, and that all this be presented in an unsentimental and unornamented yet persuasive style.

In examining Miss Harrington's book under these headings it may be noted that under the first she undoubtedly succeeds. Professional theologians will observe, however, that her leanings are definitely toward the views and interpretations of McDonald and Masure, with, occasionally, Abbot Vonier; De la Taille finds little place. Miss Harrington's main intention is to knit the Mass firmly to the basic facts of Creation, elevation to supernatural level, the Fall, and Redemption; sacred history thus provides the skeleton which the book fills out. But only toward its end, when she discusses the sacred community first as co-priest and then as co-victim with Christ, is there a full justification of what has gone before, and then it comes a trifle late. *Calvary and Community* does not accurately label the contents of the book. Its author has certainly sought to present her subject as allusively as possible; there are references to everything from the behavior of domestic animals to Elizabethan revenge tragedy.

All that has been said may suggest that Miss Harrington has somehow failed to pass the first four tests outlined above. This is perhaps not the case. Where she has failed, and where her failure is most disastrous, since it clouds any other success, is in the last requirement mentioned. The style of the book is that of a mission preacher or a Hyde Park orator—not in a derogatory sense, yet in a sense fatal on the printed page. The book seems to speak, not to the reader, but to a congregation or crowd. The author has failed neither in matter nor intention, nor even in emphasis, but in communication.

In justice it must be added that the book supplies a useful background to the Mass. ALBAN BAER.

## • REVIEWERS •

WAYNE ANDREWS is the author of *The Vanderbilt Legend.*

FRANK GETLEIN is employed by the Spaeth Foundation, New York City.

JAMES RORTY is at present a member of the Voice of America staff.

REV. ALBAN BAER, O.S.B. teaches at Portsmouth Priory.


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# Prospect for 1952

The Commonweal starts the New Year with a substantial increase in circulation; the actual figures will be published next week. This means that thousands of additional readers will be getting this magazine every week. It necessarily means that the magazine's circle of correspondents and contributors will also be extended—that the editorial content will be more varied and comprehensive than ever before.

This year bristles with possibilities. It is an American election year. It should witness the wind-up of the Korean war and new drives on Southeast Asia. It is scheduled to see the establishment of real defenses for Western Europe. It should be a year full of developments for the refugees in Europe and the Near East and for the world's colonial and formerly colonial peoples.

In a period such as this there will be heightened interest in the news, in the issues of the day. The information and point of view which The Commonweal provides on these issues each week should be doubly welcome. This New Year serves as an excellent occasion for beginning a trial subscription for yourself or a friend.

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